

SUMMER 2010

MIPOESIAS



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Photos by Diego Quiros

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Eileen Tabios

Pewter

Chapter I

A pewter sea.

No consolation.

That day, Saudia Arabia cooperated with Israel against Washington.

Chapter II

The dart sliced the orchid before the target fell.

Blood against Saville Row.

Deja vu.

Chapter III

So much to be learned about human history by merely knowing Aristarchus thought that the sun, not the earth, was the center of the universe. And that Copernicus, who gazed 17 centuries later, is credited with that revelation.

Chapter IV

Asters, wax bells, goldenrod, pansies and mums bloomed from decorative pots.

Much consolation.

Birdsong—*no edge to the sound of it...*

Much, much consolation.

Chapter V

She thinks of her daughter who would have been 19 today. Ever on the brink of womanhood, with the sunlight ever on her hair. And ever glinting back from sapphire eyes.

She remembers and Mercury slowly hijacks her veins.

Chapter VI

She lifts the hand with its faux wedding band. Next to a faux engagement ring of blue sapphire surrounded by diamonds. She lifts her hand to wave.

He sees her. He smiles.

Chapter VII

He saw her, smiled, and approached.

For the last time, her ringless hand reached for the grim metal in the pocket of her magenta silk skirt.

Heat.

He was also confused by the last thing he heard: *Fool: one should never want obedience to be blind.*

Eileen Tabios recently released **THE THORN ROSARY: Selected Prose Poems and New 1998-2010** (Marsh Hawk Press, 2010). Forthcoming in 2011 will be her **SILK EGG: Collected Novels 2009-2009** (Shearsman Books, Exeter, U.K.)

Ron Androla

Before Sleep

These are not good times. I realize
This statement is not a simple opinion
From a particular perspective. Howling
in the '50's, appropriate, but not in 2010.
The Artists are now profoundly, heavily
Sad; defeated, either noisy irritation clatter
Or they're mute. These are not good times.

Ponytail at 55

Ann likes my ponytail. I tell myself
That's what matters. I like it since
I remember my long hair, which was
Black & full. I feel tips brush
The top of my bare, back spine.
I am balding, rapidly, without mercy,
So what hair there is, I salute behind me,
Hanging from a black ring of rubber bands,
Like a sparse, gray, curled medallion.
I defend my ponytail with a fuck finger.
A toothless mouth smile surrounds a
Gray goatee. I also wear glasses, & I'm
Smoking. Half my genes are Syrian.
My poetry is ignored, or abhorred,
Pinged off the poetry grid. Politically
Correct,
Christ,
Not. I'm pissed off too.

Ron Androla lives with his wife, Ann, in Erie, Pennsylvania. He is the author of many chapbooks & books since the 1970's. Titles include WHAT TO SAY TO DEATH (GOSS 183, 2008), POETHEAD, SELECTED POEMS 2001-2005 (RANK STRANGER PRESS, 2005), YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES (FINGERPRINTPRESS, 2003). He also co-edited, with his wife, the large anthology A PRESSURE PRESS COLLECTION (PRESSURE PRESS PRESS, 2007), works by 24 contributors who posted at a now defunct online message board, "Pressure Press Presents". Androla currently maintains a new website, PRESSURE PRESS (pressurepress.ning.com where he & many others continue to post arrays of materials. He has collaborated with such Artists, Singers, Poets, as Kurt Nimmo, Mark Hartenbach, Jeff Filipski, Janelle Mckain, Didi Menendez, Jim Chandler, & many others. He considers his place in Amerikan Poetry as underground the underground. Lions, & Tigers, & Bears, oh my!

Edward Nudelman

Driven To Ruin

I've been given
strong thighs, bad arches
and an over-zealous mind.
I can run for miles on one tank
of mojo, then go lame for a month
invoking the pretense of pain.
I can pump iron
out a nozzle
and push the envelope
all the way to the post office.

Quitter

Sometimes you know when you're beat,
and maybe it's better to surrender—
if giving in means asking what harm
would it do if I'm struck down, obliterated,
my name another bleep off radar.
Released deep into gray sea with krill,
gone anaerobic with nothing to breathe
but sheer grace through green gills.

Edward Nudelman's chapbook "Night Fires" (Pudding House Press, 2009) was also a semifinalist for the 2009 Journal Award ("The Wheeler Prize" given by OSU Press). He received Pushcart Nomination for "Two Sides of Self" and was included in "Casting the Nines," an anthology of nine poets with nine poems (PHP, 2009). His poems have appeared in numerous journals including Poets and Artists (Oranges and Sardines), The Atlanta Review, MiPOesias, Plainsongs, and many others. Nudelman is a noted cancer research biologist with over 70 published papers in top peer-reviewed journals. He has published two widely-read books on an American illustrator, Jessie Willcox Smith (Pelican Publishing, 1989, 1990). A native of Seattle, Nudelman is currently working and living just north of Boston with his wife and their obstreperous Golden Retriever, Sofie.

Christine Klocek-Lim

Moondust

We stood in the crane's giant bucket
to prove its size. The sooty coal dust
stuck to everything, its ashy stink
inescapable as we climbed in and out
of the shovel until night touched
the barren landscape like a hammer.
The moon drifted in the blackness
as we left the strip mine, coughing
and wiping at each others' faces.

Astronauts claim the moon smells
like spent gunpowder, but they never
did find anything burning up there
except the feeling that something strange
had happened, an explosion, perhaps,
flaring invisibly in the ion-charged dust
they dragged inside. As I washed the coal
grit down the sink, I thought of the lunar
module: how its moist air must have mingled
with the desiccated moon rock, how those men
breathed it in, tasting the surface of another
world for the first time. Hydrogen, helium,
other ions blow away from the sun and skip
off our atmosphere, but on the moon
they get caught forever.

That day at the coal mine we spent hours
sifting through the black rock as though
we were prospecting on the moon's dark side,
the strippings scarred into the ground like craters,
piles of slate tossed with the fossils of ferns
and trilobites. We collected the treasure, knowing
we were invaders, creatures that tear things apart
just to see what happens. The moon still holds
our footprints, our weight carved into the dust
so permanent a flaw not even the solar wind
can scour it clean. Here, too, we have made
the landscape over many times, searching
for answers, instead finding only fuel
and diamonds underfoot.

CHRISTINE KLOCEK-LIM

Enceladus creates Saturn's E Ring

While I thought of creation, my mother spoke
of angels: how a wingless black descended
into the small room where she found
my grandmother. She expected divinity,
but instead there was only the television
down the hall murmuring details about
Saturn's moons. And she said there were
things missing when she found the body:
a small angel statue from the bedroom,
the rosary from the side table, gone
forever into the dark. *Sometimes*
you can stand on the edge of an explosion
and hear nothing, I said, but she kept talking
about the lack of psalms and the way
my grandmother looked suddenly smaller.
I wanted to describe to her how the volcanos
of Enceladus plume into the night above Saturn
to create new rings. My mother wanted me to listen
to her grief until it disappeared, not realizing
how neatly the universe recycles itself, giving
and taking all at once. Later we found the angel
beneath the bed with the rosary, the worn face
peering up at us from the floor in rebuke,
her tiny halo gleaming neatly against
the carpet as if to say: *There are more*
things in heaven and earth . . .

CHRISTINE KLOCEK-LIM

The star trails of Kilimanjaro

I dreamed of Mt. Kilimanjaro. All night
we sat on the mountain together, tilting
our cameras to the sky, keeping the shutters
open for hours. We wanted to prove how
the stars moved, record the way heaven
circled the planet but in the dream
the mountain covered us with darkness
and we forgot our purpose. Sometimes
I grew frightened and wept on your shoulder,
the air at sixteen thousand feet too fierce
to breathe properly. Sometimes you fell asleep,
dreaming in my dream. I watched your face
with my hands, feeling your smile come and go
under my palm until I believed you loved me.
Then I dreamed that daylight came and you woke
to find our cameras had disappeared, our tent
and blankets fallen into the sea. I learned
that even dreaming contains bitterness
as you folded your anger into origami,
tiny paper stars that we tossed into the sky
for hours. In the end we had no choice.
We walked down into Africa carrying nothing,
not speaking of what we had forgotten,
almost completely broken with loss
until we remembered kissing
in the silent darkness together.

Christine Klocek-Lim received the 2009 Ellen La Forge Memorial Prize in poetry. In 2010, her manuscript "Dark matter" was a semi-finalist for the Sawtooth Poetry Prize and the Philip Levine Prize in Poetry and her manuscript "The Quantum Archives" was a semi-finalist at Black Lawrence Press' Black River Chapbook Competition. She has two chapbooks: *How to photograph the heart* (The Lives You Touch Publications, November 2009) and *The book of small treasures* (Seven Kitchens Press, March 2010). Her poems have appeared in *Nimrod*, *OCHO*, *Poets and Artists (O&S)*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Diode*, the anthology *Riffing on Strings: Creative Writing Inspired by String Theory* and elsewhere. She is editor of *Autumn Sky Poetry* and her website is novembersky.com



Diego Quiros

Horse Feather

This is a horse feather,
white, the calm of clouds.
I saw it fall from the sky
-a slow dart from antiquity
swirling its habitual pattern.

Its vane gentle across my lips
its sturdy rachis could
pen a poem or two about
the process of kissing or
stammering ecstasies.

I wondered if the mythical animal
would part the evening sky
with its pale steady silence
turn its crimson eyes in my direction
and rapture
me on moon-hooves

over the matrix of skyscrapers
wearing nothing but its ribcage
between my legs.
Nothing is impossible.
I once loved like that.

Diego Quiros is a poet/artist/photographer living in South Florida.

Grace Cavalieri

Mr. SPRAGUE ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE

Let us say this child thought people needed her. This is clearly a mistake and could cause all kinds of trouble, but I couldn't help it. I thought old people needed my company to be happy. We can imagine how tiring it was to come home from school every day and worry about the old man. And how I couldn't pass him without looking up. Mr. Sprague was always above the hardware store – Sprague's Hardware.

This place complicates the telling because his store sat facing one street and the porch fronted on another. So as I came home from school down the main street, where the store was, I'd have to turn the corner onto the neighboring street to see him. Then I'd look up and there'd he be. Sitting. Rocking. His thin and wrinkled face, frowning sometimes. That's how I came to sit with him in the afternoon. I would see him and try to run on but something told me how it must feel to be up there so lonely. No one to talk to. I would talk to him.

Let's imagine this, climbing those steps between the store and the upper porch. I can't remember now where they might be, hidden from the street view, I'm sure, and there I go, small, dark, serious, large dark eyes, straight black hair held back with a single barrette. Going up the stairs to help out the only way I knew. I think I liked the way things smelled up there, maybe like paint, or bacon which had cooked inside, or dust. Something friendly, I'm sure, which made me stay. No one peeked out the door to the porch to welcome me but something felt gentle there anyway. Something I was grateful for feeling. It just seemed to let me be myself, let me be comfortable.

What in the world could we have discussed. An 80 year old man who dealt his whole life in small nails and household plumbing...and a little girl with such a sense of sadness that she needed to protect others from its possibility. It seems likely that I told of what happened in school that day, brushing over the sore parts, being chased and falling in the cinders, not being called on for an answer known and offered, the light in kitchens I could see from the classroom window, (these made me ache inside.) Most likely I made up things about Africa or date trees I learned (or thought I could say I'd learned) that day, and I knew it was OK because all the lies were to make him more interested and not so melancholy in his gray rumpled shirt, and sad brown rocker.

How many days did I stop there. Not in the snow. Never with a coat on, or boots, or gloves...sometimes a sweater over a light cotton dress...so that would make it just one spring, and that's a lot of afternoons to make up stories. We can't see him ever speaking but surely he must have greeted me. As a civility. Even that. Even I, as determined as I was to spare him hunger, would have been dismayed if he never welcomed me or never looked up as my steps reached his porch.

But *did* he look up to see me coming? He must have smiled once in a while, for even a child lost in her own earnestness would not be able to stand up to it, without so much as a smile at least one day. He probably didn't know how to show how grateful he was for her company. It never occurred to me how tired *he* really was and how he might like to hear the rustle in the trees, alone, instead.

It would have been unimaginable to pass on by him, seeing him in the comfort of the afternoon, the slender light across the porch, the last bird on the branch to hear, the faint branch moving. This might be enough for him but I'd never know that, would I, as intent as I was on helping.

There can be no words to describe then how I felt, when turning the corner that particular day, looking first in the front window of the hardware store at the enamel pots, blue, the hammers stacked in gleaming sizes, the balls of string of every width and length neatly traced across the window shelf, next to the wooden green door.

Turning the corner always made me look up because the porch was on the second floor, remember, and I was on the sidewalk. But he wasn't there today. For a moment did I feel guilty for being glad? I wanted to run home and call Elaine to play, but quieted that thought and looked up again, sheltering my eyes from the late sun. No. The rocker was there but he was not. I should go inside the store and ask where he was, but how could I have the nerve, without something to buy, or something to spend? And there nearby on the corner was the garbage still waiting for the truck. There it was stacked in bags from the week and more of it than usual, I remember.

On the ground I saw something more astonishing than date trees in Africa. Teeth. Pink and white. A set of teeth but they were like plastic or something false. They were stuck in the edge of the garbage like an afterthought. I would never touch anything like that, of course – especially since vomiting once from fear after finding a pretzel on the street and eating it – and I didn't like to stand by garbage at all, but there was something about those teeth. They looked familiar. Later it reminded me that once he must have smiled –at least once- for me to recognize so unusual a characteristic as his teeth. I knew I'd seen them before. And now I knew why they were thrown out. No one ever told me and I didn't dare to ask. But he was never on that porch again.

Sometimes I wonder if I really made him happy during those long days. Perhaps he would wait, after 3 o'clock, for someone like me to turn from looking in the window of his store, and come around the corner. Although he never showed it, maybe he wanted my company, and stood up once to see where I was if I were late. Maybe he went inside after our talks, to eat his silent supper with the thoughts of this strange little girl in his head, how her small fingers moved when she told the lie she called a story, and how her tiny ankles crossed and did not touch the ground from the high wicker chair. It is not known but I seem to think once he laughed at some preposterous thing I said, once, my eyes so wide as if it were the truth. I'm sure I didn't read books to him but I'd have thought of that later perhaps, if given another season.

It never seemed to matter that he didn't say my name, if, in fact, he ever knew it. It sometimes occurred to me that he would rather have been alone after all. And when my face flushes pink with the thought, I quickly turn to the remembered possibility that maybe he didn't like being so lonely. Nobody likes to be alone in the afternoon before supper. I feel sure of it now. And maybe all the sadness in the world is caused by people who think otherwise..

Grace Cavalieri is a poet and a playwright. She is the founder and producer of "The Poet and the Poem" for public radio, now from the Library of Congress, and entering its 34th consecutive year on-air. Her new play is "Anna Nicole: Blonde Ambition."

*Adam Fieled**from Equations*

#53

I have the challenge set out before me: to accept my own hollowness, as I watch Jade perform her daily tasks. There is a sense that I am watching a series of multiplications: first Jade is this person, then that person. All of this signifies that Jade sees my own multiplications when we touch. But if there is no stable center inhering in either of us, who are the two people that fuse their physical energies, in such a way that the world is briefly effaced? Multiplications can be taken two ways — as a destruction of stable centers, or the creation of variegated parts that form coherent wholes. Because Jade needs her drugs more than I do, I feel her desperate edge of a woman hovering above an abyss, a woman who cannot look down. I'm past the point of believing in myself as savior or personal Jesus; Jade must live with her crosses and bang through them on her own. My own cross is the vision of multiplications ending, simply because each ephemeral self expresses the same desires, tastes, fixations, and foibles. Jade and I can't give each other that much— Trish could never teach me this, because our basic, shared presumption was that nothing existed but what we could give each other. As I make love to Jade, there is a charity I feel towards her predicated on her own unacknowledged autonomy— that she has more than she thinks she has. If we persist without knowing yet what our equation is, I know that much of it has to do with shared charity, expressed in a context of basic and final separation and singularity.

ADAM FIELED

#55

Some nights I have strange dreams. Vague situations play themselves out in such a way that I'm never entirely sure what happens. Faces drift around me; I identify a girl I used to know, who drifts back into the wilderness; then I see and hear Lisa. I'm watching, from a second-story window, as she plays some kind of game with a small child (to be honest, I don't know where Lisa is these days, she might even have kids). Her voice narrates to me what it was like to be my lover in the old days. I never realized how young she felt, how ill at ease she was with me then. She now excuses herself for her transgressions (and I was certainly one of her transgressions), pleading extreme youth. I was never a secure choice— too much art, too little money. But, as ever, Lisa fails to compel me, and I sense the vulnerability behind her narration— her need, not just to be like everyone else, but to be more like everyone else than everyone else is. I wake up alone, raise the blinds on my windows, and ruminate. I have chosen to live as an artist because I see vast possibilities for truth and dignity in words. Security has always seemed to me to be an unlikely condition for humans and humanity. That could be the reason I'm always willing to fall in love— if you can achieve security within insecurity, you can live with risks, contingencies, separations, anxieties, all the numerals that accrue to our equations. If the relevant numerals accrue to bank-books, stasis will always remain the rule.

ADAM FIELED

#56

With Jade, I'm beginning to feel these gushes that I can only call love. I'm so overwhelmed by the intensity of the feeling that I transcend my desire to have her physically. It is just because I realize now that Jade actually has nice thoughts of me, nice dreams of me, and actively encourages my happiness. I have come to the startling realization that 90% of Trish's thoughts about me were negative. She hated my art, my discipline, my dedication to creating at a high level; loathed my physical neediness, the way my body took from hers; and would now be happier if I were dead, safely embalmed in my own myths. Jade is too good-natured to fall into these traps; she's mastering her solitude, severing her ties to a society that wants to cast her in a bogus mold, and planting seeds of triumph. It is with my help and guidance that she is doing this, and she is doing the same for me. The equation for us is something up above our heads, some other world, realms of spirit uncontaminated by pettiness, unclouded by fear, untarnished by envy. All the same, I don't entirely trust these gushes; could it just be that I've led a life so enclosed in negativity that I've never really known what love is? At my first brief encounter with genuine love, all my reserves of heart-energy spill out of me harum-scarum, and it is far more satisfying than a sexual climax. The upshot of this is that I feel, for the first time, a sense of impatience with physical consummations; what I want is to bring the worlds, the two gushes, together, in such a way that I can create, with Jade, truly lived moments that take on consonance as true myths.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. He has released four print books: "Opera Bufo" (Otoliths, 2007), "When You Bit..." (Otoliths, 2008), "Chimes" (Blazevox, 2009), and "Apparition Poems" (Blazevox, 2010) as well as numerous chapbooks, e-chapbooks, and e-books, including "Posit" (Dusie Press, 2007), "Beams" (Blazevox, 2007), and "The White Album" (ungovernable press, 2009). He has work in journals like *Tears in the Fence*, *Great Works*, *The Argotist*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *Jacket*, on *PennSound*, in the *&Now Awards Anthology* from Lake Forest College Press, and an essay forthcoming in *Poetry Salzburg Review* from University of Salzburg Press. A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University, where he is completing his PhD.



Ricky Garni

TRUE STORY

An incredibly lucky carpenter came within one-eighth of an inch of being a dead man—when he accidentally shot himself in the heart with a nail!

I think I've been shot! construction worker Brett Cruz told his boss seconds after the nail gun discharged as he put it down sending a 4 inch nail into the wall of his heart!

Coworkers said they could see the head of the nail pulsating...from his heartbeat!

The crew leader and another worker put Cruz into a pickup truck and sped him to Baptist Northeast Hospital in San Antonio Texas!

While we are waiting to see what becomes of him lets think about the name Bret for a moment!

Bret by the way is not a very interesting name! Its originally a Celtic name and it means coming from Brittany!

Variations of the spelling of Bret include Brett! And Brit!

Once there was a person named Brett who played football! In Wisconsin! He was the most famous Brett ever!

Bret almost sounds like Brack!, as in: brackish water!

You could say that Bret sounds like Brittany as in Brittany Spears, but it doesn't! If you said it did, you would just be fooling yourself!

Bret Cruz is a slightly more interesting name than just Bret alone! because it sounds sort of like a pen name and Cruz sounds like cruise! It's like someone cruising the streets looking for some sweet tastin'honey coochie! A real fucking whore!

Still there are more interesting Bret names than Bret Cruz! I am particularly fond of Brett Rasmussen! Bret Doty! and Bret Ramsey! which sounds like the prophylactic but is spelled differently...than the prophylactic!

RICKY GARNI - CONTINUED

Interesting facts not about Bret but about Ramses prophylactics!: They were named after the Egyptian Pharaoh Ramses II who reportedly fathered 160 children! 160! Children!

Ramses are available for purchase in the Durex Fiesta Condom Sampler 144 count jar!

The assortment fun pack includes Performax Maximum Love! Intense Sensation!! and Extra Sensitive!!!

They are also available in Sensitol! Lubricated Sensitol!! Spermicidal (!!!) and Thin Mince. Thin Mince!!!!

Make no mistake about it, when it comes to maximum sensitivity and pleasure in lovemaking nothing beats Ramses Brand Prophylactics!!!!

People named Bret buy Ramses Prophylactics with confidence! At the convenience store! All the time!!

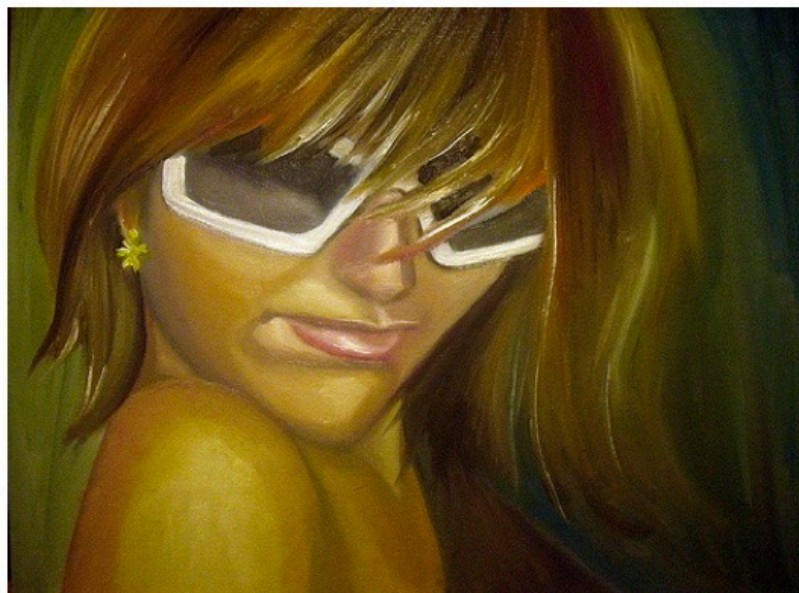
Bret Cruz never lost consciousness as he was taken to the hospital but felt himself getting weaker as the wound bled internally and the sun began to set on the parched desert landscape said his mother, Dottie Cary.

Ricky Garni is a graphic designer and musician who gave up his instruments a long time ago and then sadly decided to look at pictures of the sorts of instruments that he used to own on the Web and weep inside with longing. Now he writes poetry for various publications and tries not to weep with longing so much.

Guidelines



- Send up to three new poems, or two short fiction, or one short story (not longer than three pages) to didimenendez@hotmail.com.
- Place on subject line: MIPOESIAS SUB – submission which do not show this on the subject line may be considered spam and deleted.
- Send a short bio with three links of where you have been published previously.
- If you have been previously published in MiPOesias please indicate so in your submission.
- If accepted you will be notified almost immediately.
- The issues will be available in full online via issuu.com and through Magcloud.com as a print-on-demand.
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MiPOesias
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